

NETTIE MOORE.

In a little white cottage where the trees are ever green,
And the climbing roses blossom by the door,
I've often sat and listened to the music of the birds,
And the gentle voice of pretty Nettie Moore.

CHORUS.

Oh, I miss you, Nettie Moore, and my happiness is o'er
While a spirit sad around my heart has come,
And the busy days are long, and the nights are lonely now,
For you're gone from our little cottage home.

Below us in the valley, on the Santee's dancing tide,
Of a Summer eve, I'd launch my open boat;
And when the moon was rising, and the stars began to shine,
Down the river we so merrily would float!
Oh, I miss you, Nettie Moore, &c.

One sunny morn in Autumn, ere the dew had left the lawn,
Came a trader up from Louisiana bay,
Who gave to master money, and then shackl'd her with chains!
And then he took her off to work her life away
Oh, I miss you, Nettie Moore, &c.

Since that time the world is dreary, and I long from earth to rise,
And join the happy angels gone before;
I never can be merry, for my heart is full of woe,
And I'm pining for my pretty Nettie Moore.
Oh, I miss you, Nettie Moore, &c.

You are gone, lovely Nettie, and my heart must surely break,
When the tears come no more into my eyes;
But when weary life is past, I shall meet you once again
In Heaven, darling, up above the skies!
Oh, I miss you, Nettie Moore, &c.

H. DE MARSAN.
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